

MACHINE
MAN™

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP



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MACHINE man™

THE LIVING ROBOT

**SECOND
SENSATIONAL
ISSUE!**

YOU CAUGHT
ME -- BUT YOU
CAN'T HOLD
ME! I'M
FREE!



This is the story of X-51—a thinking computer in the form of a man. As Aaron Stack, he tries to find a place in a world that's not quite ready for his kind—but will he find it as friend, foe, or the greatest hero of them all?

Stan Lee
PRESENTS: MACHINE MAN™ THE LIVING ROBOT!

WRITTEN, EDITED, AND DRAWN BY **JACK KIRBY** • LETTERED AND INKED BY **MIKE ROYER** • WIRING BY **ARCHIE GOODWIN**
DRAMATICALLY COLORED BY **PETRA G.**

IS HE A MACHINE THAT THINKS LIKE A MAN--OR IS HE A MAN WITH THE BODY OF A MACHINE? OUR HERO'S VERY EXISTENCE DEPENDS ON THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION, BUT CAN HE FIND IT IN THE--

HOUSE OF NIGHTMARES

HE
THINKS
HE'S
SOMETHING
SPECIAL!

SHOW
HIM
WHAT
HE'S
REALLY
LIKE!

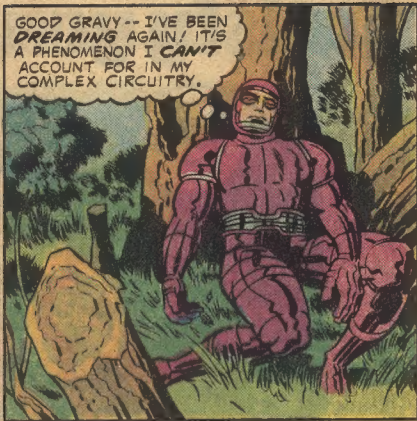
**NO! NO!
PLEASE DON'T
TOUCH MY
FACE---!!**

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I AM AN INDIVIDUAL! I HAVE THE RIGHT TO LIVE IN PEACE!!



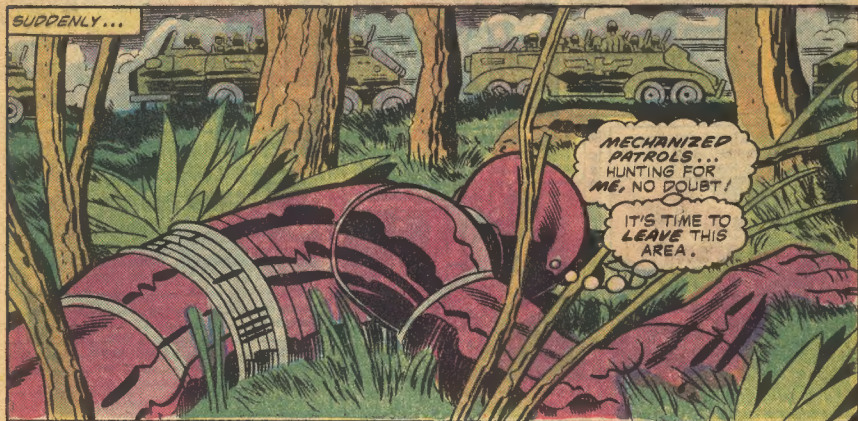
GOOD GRAVITY -- I'VE BEEN DREAMING AGAIN! IT'S A PHENOMENON I CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR IN MY COMPLEX CIRCUITRY.



I HOPE THOSE SECURITY TROOPS DIDN'T HEAR THAT SHOUT! WE'VE HAD A SKIRMISH I WOULDN'T LIKE TO REPEAT...



THEIR SONIC WEAPONS COMPLETELY DISABLED THE WIRING OF MY ANTI-GRAVITY UNIT! IT SEEMS THAT I'M GROUNDED UNTIL IT CAN BE REPAIRED!



SUDDENLY...

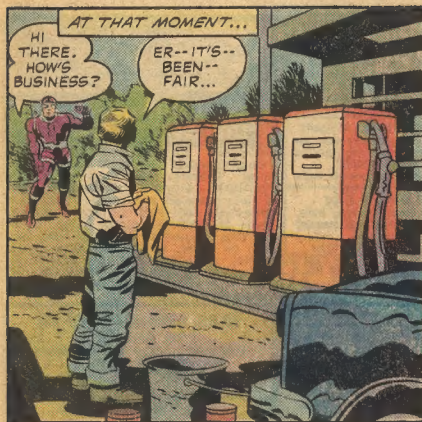
MECHANIZED PATROLS... HUNTING FOR ME, NO DOUBT!

IT'S TIME TO LEAVE THIS AREA.



MEAN-
WHILE,
IN A FIELD
NEAR-
BY...





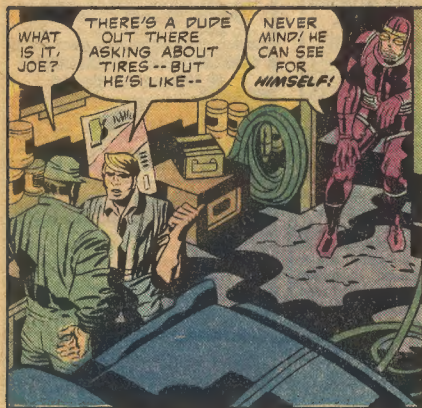
HI THERE. HOW'S BUSINESS?

ER--IT'S-- BEEN-- FAIR...



RELAX, FRIEND. I KNOW I DON'T LOOK LIKE YOUR AVERAGE CUSTOMER, BUT I'M WILLING TO BUY--IF YOU'VE GOT TIRES FOR SALE...

PLEASE WAIT HERE. I'LL SPEAK TO THE BOSS ABOUT IT.



WHAT IS IT, JOE?

THERE'S A DUPE OUT THERE ASKING ABOUT TIRES--BUT HE'S LIKE--

NEVER MIND! HE CAN SEE FOR HIMSELF!



LOOK, MISTER. YOUR CASH IS AS WELCOME AS ANYONE ELSE'S!

I'M BUYING--AND IT WILL TAKE JUST A MOMENT TO CONVERT A FEW ASSETS INTO MONEY.

WE'VE GOT TIRES FOR SALE-- ARE YOU BUYING?



OF COURSE, THESE SMALL STONES DON'T SEEM TO BE OF ANY VALUE--BUT THEY'RE ONLY THE RAW MATERIAL IN AN INTRICATE PROCESS.

WHAT--?



IT'S NOT EASY TO EXPLAIN. I MERELY ASK FOR YOUR PATIENCE...

HE WANTS TO PAY US WITH ROCKS!

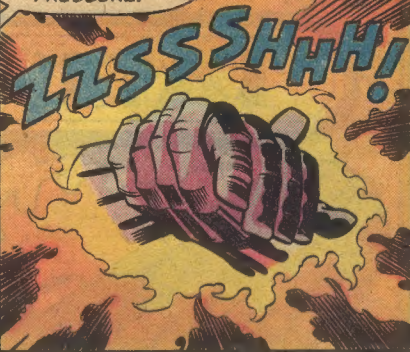
CONSIDERING THE SOURCE, I BELIEVE IT!

WOULD JA BELIEVE IT?

I'M SIMPLY TRYING TO TELL YOU THAT I CAN DUPLICATE IN **SECONDS** WHAT MOTHER NATURE PRODUCES IN A TIME SPAN OF MANY MILLIONS OF YEARS.

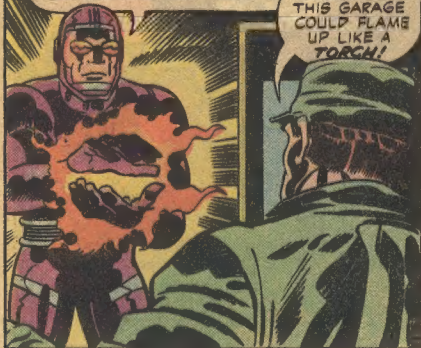


REST ASSURED THAT THIS REQUIRES **INTENSE HEAT AND PRESSURE!**



BUT IT MUST BE APPLIED WITH RAPID MANIPULATION OF TEMPERATURE AND TOUCH.

CAREFUL! THIS GARAGE COULD FLAME UP LIKE A **TORCH!**



THE DANGER QUICKLY PASSES WHEN THE **DEEP FREEZE** STAGE IS REACHED...

THERE!
IT'S **ALMOST** READY!

YEAH?
WHAT'S READY?



YOUR CASH, MY FRIEND. --AND, I MUST SAY THAT IT'S IN PERFECTLY **FLAWLESS** CONDITION!

HE MEANS IT, BOSS. HE'S **DONE** SOMETHING TO THOSE ROCKS!

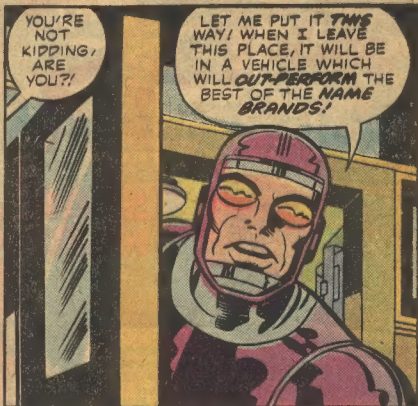
SHUT UP, JOE!

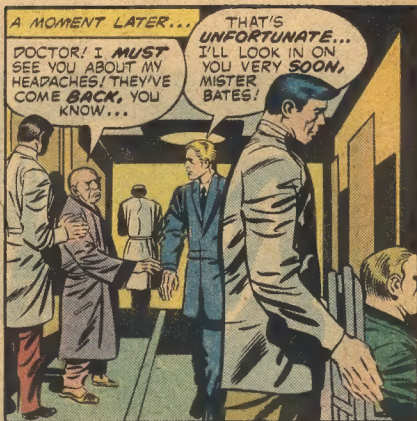


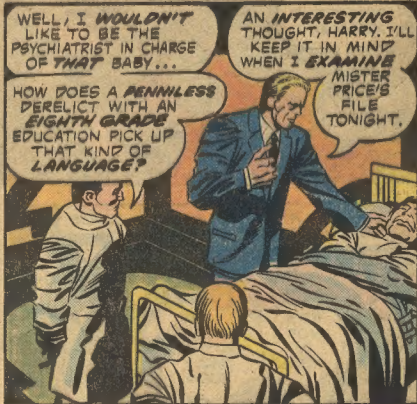
WHAT YOU **SEE** IS WHAT YOU **GET**, SIR. THIS IS ALL YOURS, IN EXCHANGE FOR THE **TIRES!**

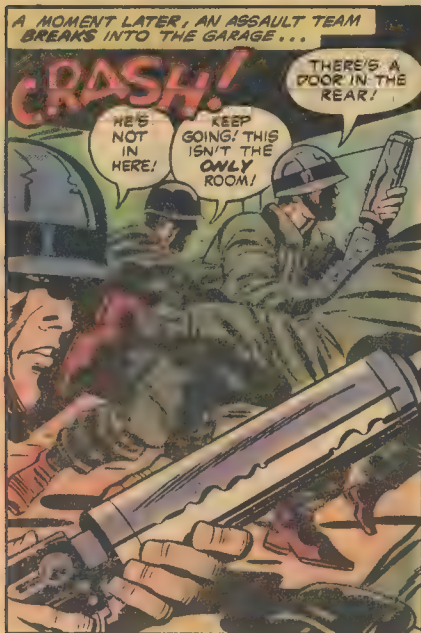
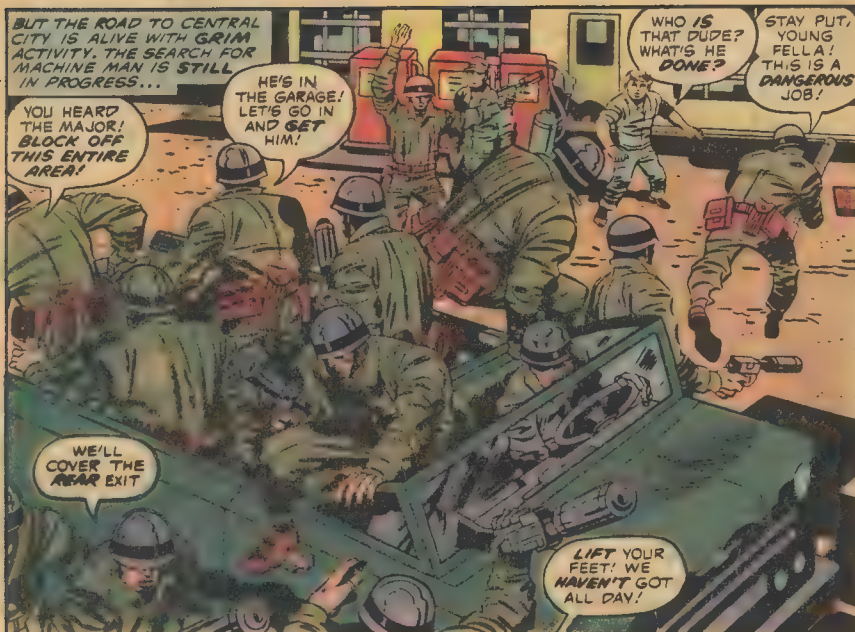
THESE **CAN'T** BE DOLLAR BILLS, MISTER! THEY **STILL** FEEL LIKE **ROCKS!**











SUDDENLY, THE REAR WALL OF THE GARAGE IS SHATTERED UNDER HEAVY IMPACT...

HE'S COMING OUT--

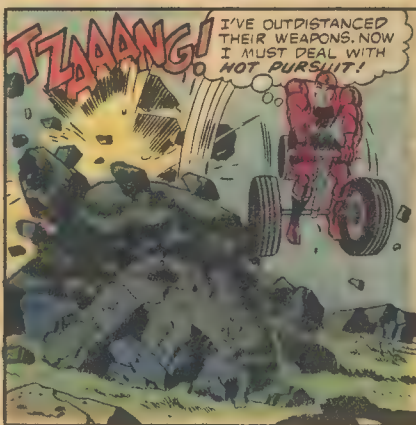
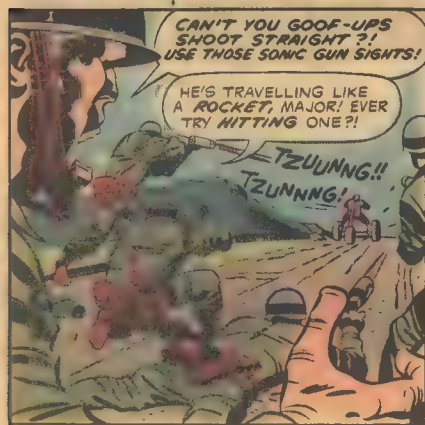
--ON WHEELS!

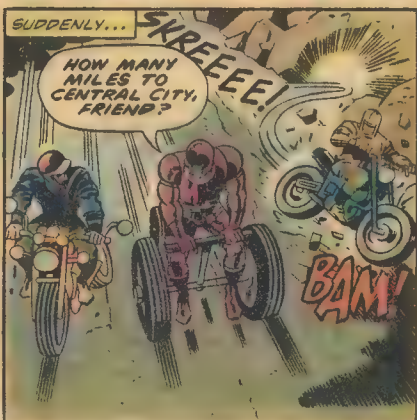
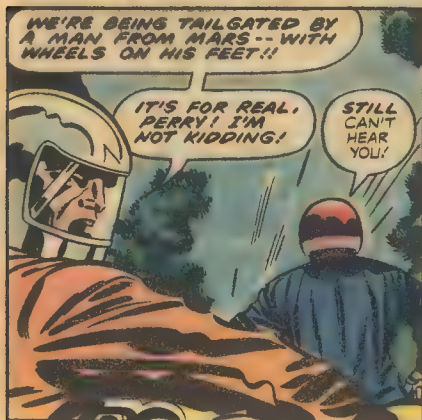
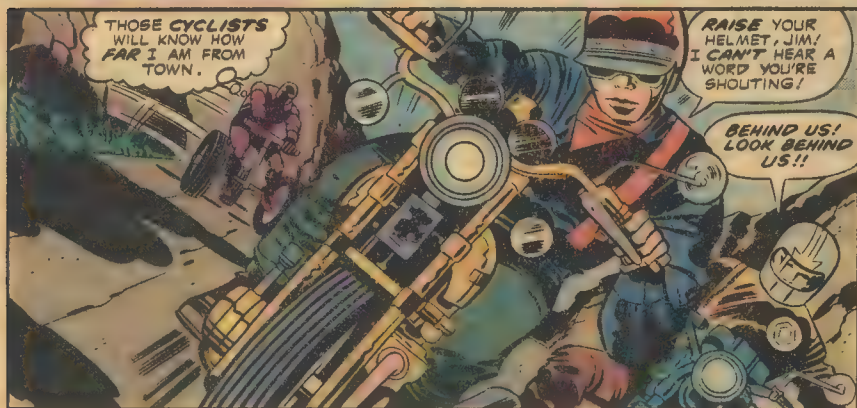
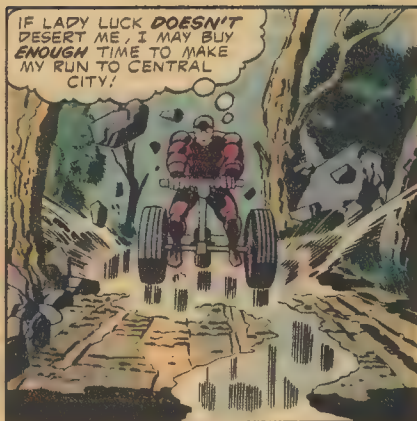
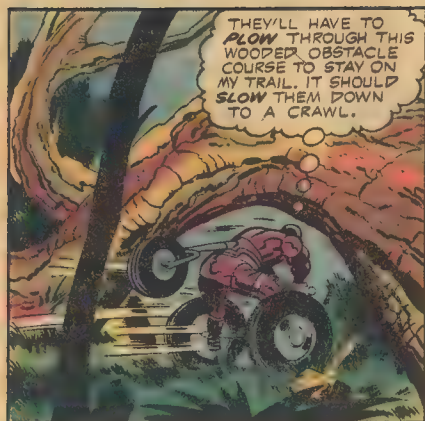
WHAM!

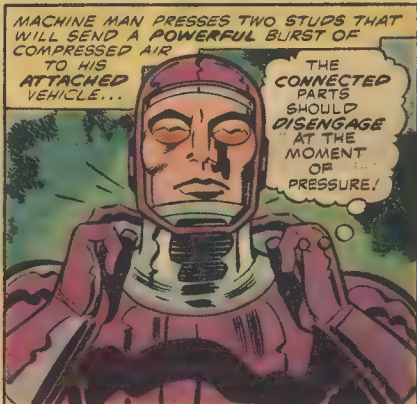
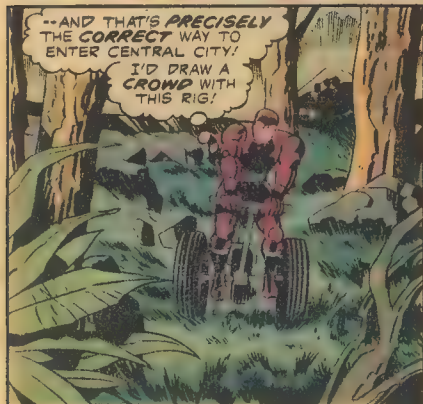
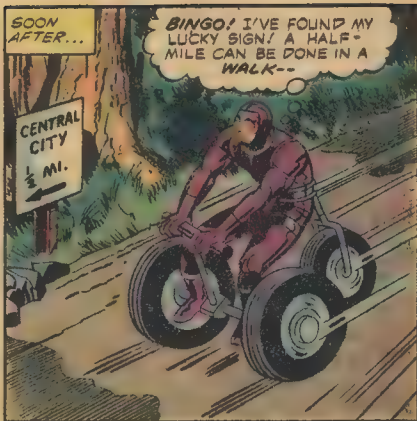
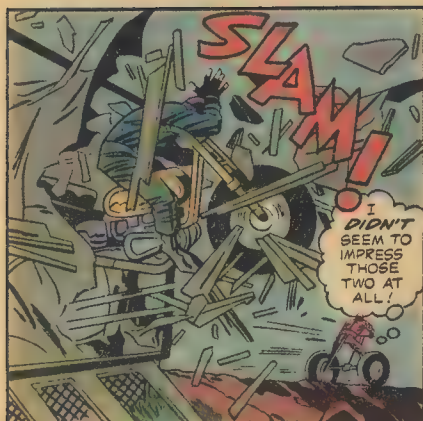
MACHINE MAN RUSHES FORWARD IN A WILD BURST OF SPEED AND OVERSHOOTS THE MASSES OPPOSITION.

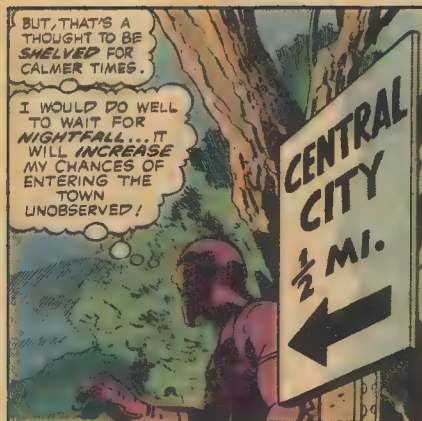
ZWOOOOOSH!

BLAST THE TRICKY DEVIL! CUT HIM DOWN!





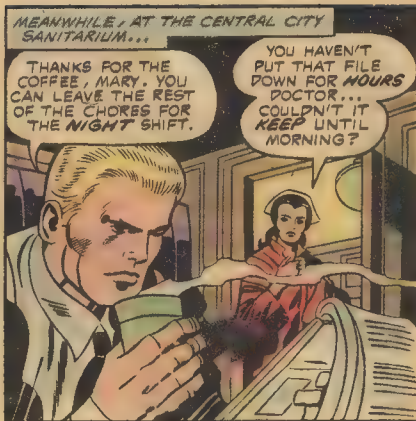




BUT, THAT'S A THOUGHT TO BE **SHELVED** FOR CALMER TIMES.

I WOULD DO WELL TO WAIT FOR **NIGHTFALL...** IT WILL **INCREASE** MY CHANCES OF ENTERING THE TOWN UNOBSERVED!

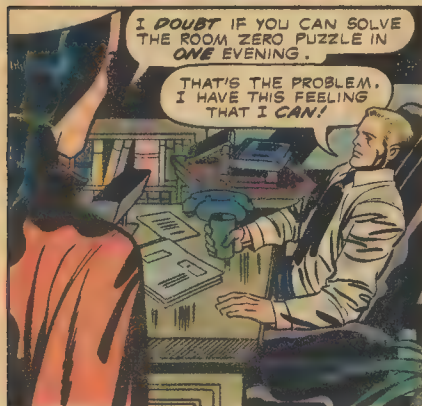
CENTRAL CITY
1/2 MI.
←



MEANWHILE, AT THE CENTRAL CITY SANITARIUM...

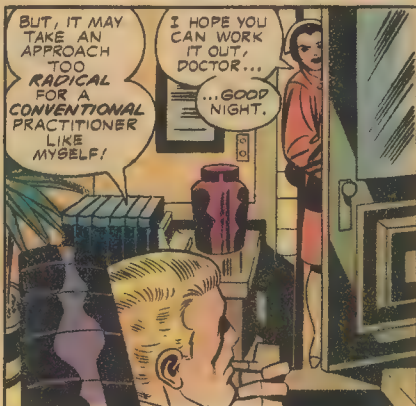
THANKS FOR THE COFFEE, MARY. YOU CAN LEAVE THE REST OF THE CHORES FOR THE **NIGHT SHIFT**.

YOU HAVEN'T PUT THAT FILE DOWN FOR **HOURS** DOCTOR... COULDN'T IT **KEEP** UNTIL MORNING?



I **DOUBT** IF YOU CAN SOLVE THE ROOM ZERO PUZZLE IN **ONE EVENING**.

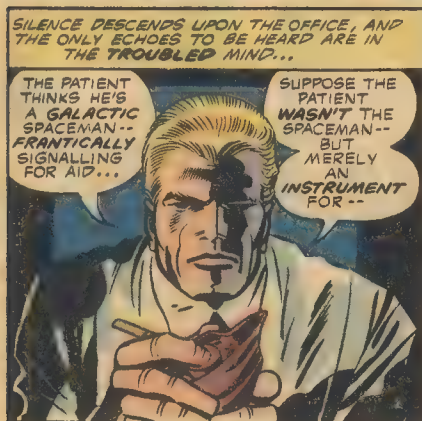
THAT'S THE PROBLEM. I HAVE THIS FEELING THAT I **CAN**!



BUT, IT MAY TAKE AN APPROACH TOO **RADICAL** FOR A CONVENTIONAL PRACTITIONER LIKE MYSELF!

I HOPE YOU CAN WORK IT OUT, DOCTOR...

...GOOD NIGHT.



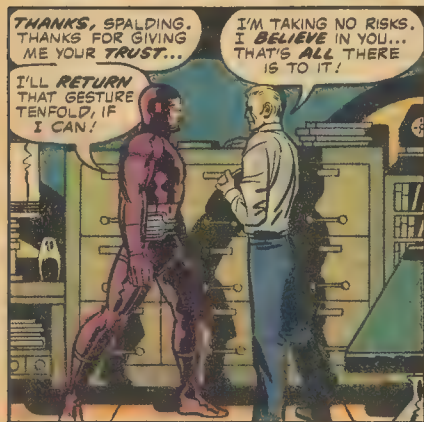
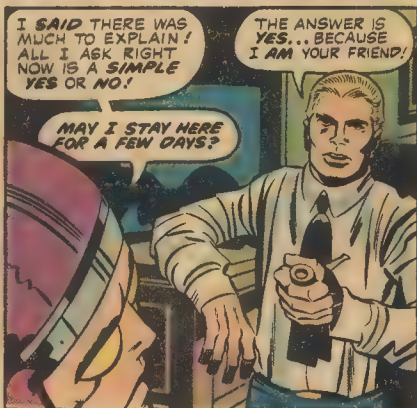
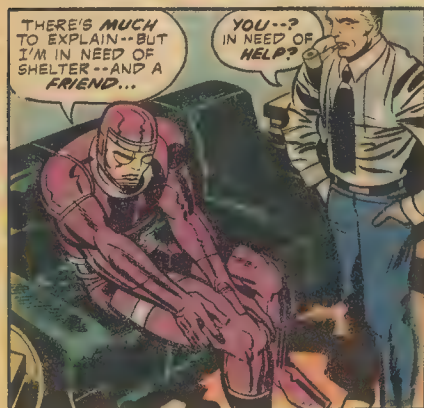
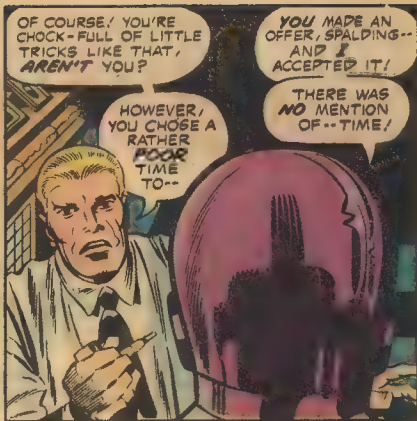
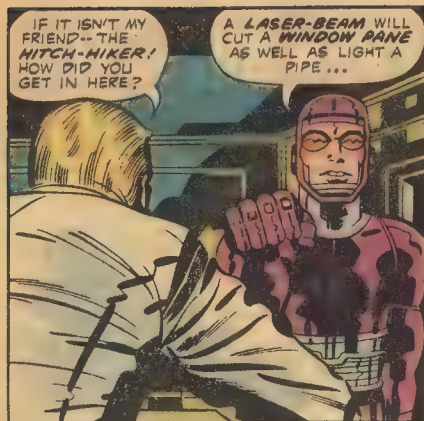
SILENCE DESCENDS UPON THE OFFICE, AND THE ONLY ECHOES TO BE HEARD ARE IN THE **TROUBLED MIND...**

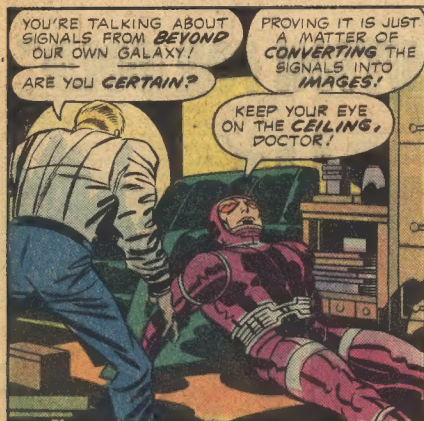
THE PATIENT THINKS HE'S A **GALACTIC** SPACEMAN-- **FRANTICALLY** SIGNALLING FOR AID...

SUPPOSE THE PATIENT **WASN'T** THE SPACEMAN-- BUT MERELY AN **INSTRUMENT** FOR --



--NEED A LIGHT, DOCTOR?





YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT SIGNALS FROM **BEYOND** OUR OWN GALAXY!

ARE YOU **CERTAIN?**

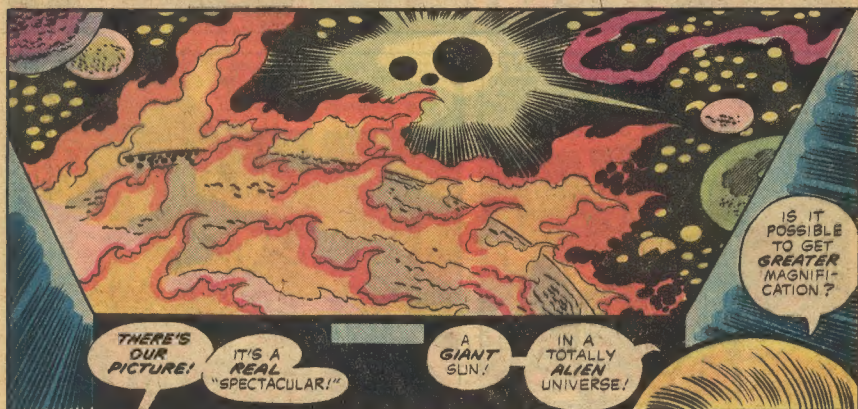
PROVING IT IS JUST A MATTER OF **CONVERTING** THE SIGNALS INTO **IMAGES!**

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE **CEILING, DOCTOR!**



GOOD LORD! YOU'VE BECOME SOME SORT OF **TELEVISION CAMERA!!**

I'M THE **ENTIRE** NETWORK **PROCESS--** INCLUDING THE **VIEWER'S SET!**



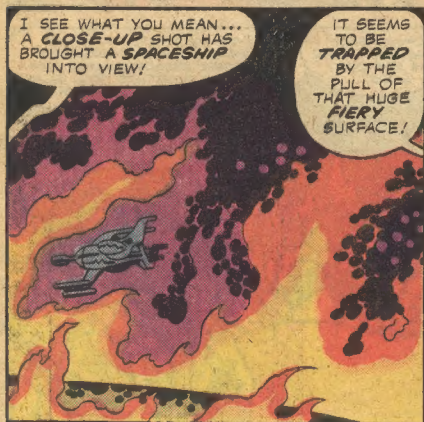
THERE'S OUR PICTURE!

IT'S A **REAL** "SPECTACULAR!"

A **GIANT SUN!**

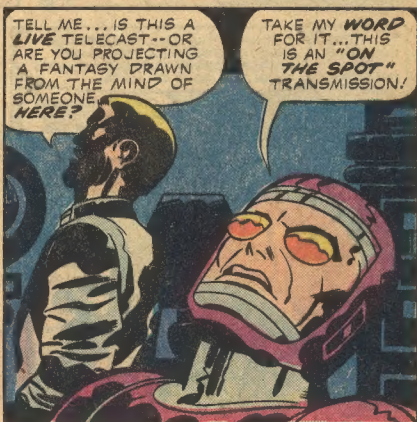
IN A **TOTALLY ALIEN** UNIVERSE!

IS IT POSSIBLE TO GET **GREATER** MAGNIFICATION?



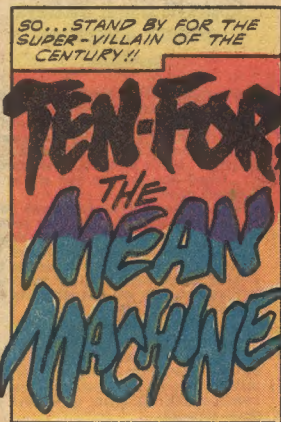
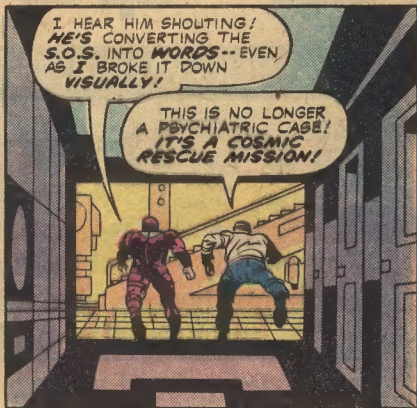
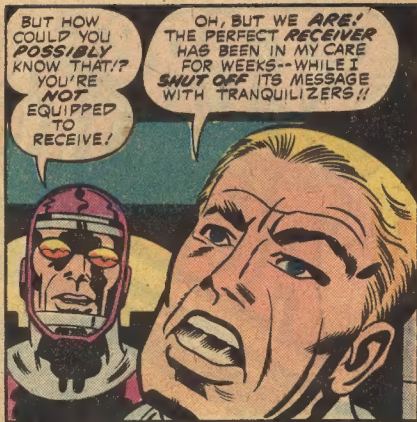
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN... A **CLOSE-UP** SHOT HAS BROUGHT A **SPACESHIP** INTO VIEW!

IT SEEMS TO BE **TRAPPED** BY THE PULL OF THAT HUGE **FIERY** SURFACE!



TELL ME... IS THIS A **LIVE** TELECAST--OR ARE YOU PROJECTING A **FANTASY** DRAWN FROM THE MIND OF SOMEONE **HERE?**

TAKE MY **WORD** FOR IT...THIS IS AN "**ON THE SPOT**" TRANSMISSION!



MACHINE MAIL

c/o P.O. BOX 4943, THOUSAND OAKS, CA. 91360

"A Persecuted Machine."

It's not an odd notion. You've seen the dramatic situation arising from the background of our sterling principal character.

His existence is not only in the hands of men, but it is also threatened by its very creators. Science like Pandora's Box has released a marvel too hot to handle. What's more, the chief advocate of Machine Men's extinction is a vengeful and determined "Javert" who will track his prey to the ends of the Earth.

That's only for openers. There's also the question of "We, the people," the human swarm in which the "new fish" must swim. Are we friend or foe? Will we help Machine Men or turn him in? We're not angels, you know. And we're not devils either.

Individually, we may react differently to a foreign object in our midst. But, in the last analysis, when we realize the potential and power of this newcomer, we may well give into our fears and join the howling pack in an attempt to reduce him to harmless hardware.

There isn't a computer anywhere that will cause uneasiness among the people who program it. But, show me one that walks and talks and protests for equal rights, and I'll show you one frightened artist/writer.

What is the right and wrong of this premise? Where does the good and evil lie? If Machine Man exhibits humanity, isn't it incumbent upon us to extend our own to him? -Not necessarily so. Humanity is a structure of wide range. And compassion is not the only item in the package. To be human is to be many things. . . Hitler as well as Ghandi... Mobster as well as Judge. . . Ignorant as well as learned. We're all a kaleidoscope of conditioning and emotions both volatile and placid.

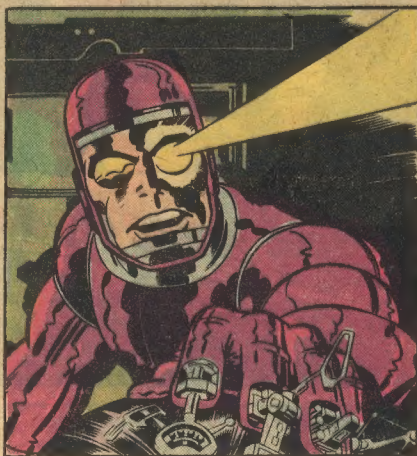
We've burned witches in the past as well as in the present. So, why, should we stop with Machine Men? Our past performances demonstrate our eagerness to rid ourselves of what we consider an impending threat. Machine Man's pursuit of a place among humans is like building a house on an iceberg at the equator.

Let's face it. We've always been constant trouble to ourselves as well as others. Humans are going to give Machine Man a hard time of it. We're going to make him jump from one frying pan into another fire.

But, the intriguing part of the entire premise is what HE will do when his back is finally against the wall and decides to strike back. Now, that's the facet of the Machine Men story worth following. When he gets his dander up and activates his "weapon systems", why, that's when the lid may blow and singe our backsides.

Machine Man is worth watching and reading. He's a tin man with all of humanity on his back. If you've got your own views on his situation, feel free to write. The address is —

Jack Kirby
P.O. Box 4943
Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360



THE EXCITEMENT NEVER STOPS! MARVEL'S STRANGEST HEROES HAVE NEVER BEEN WILDER! YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS--



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& JOHN BYRNE!
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